



And of your grace granteth me som drope;  
for elles may me laste ne blis ne hope,  
Ne dwellen in my trouble careful herte.

**WOMANLY NOBLESSE.**  
*Ballade that Chaucier made.*

**O** hath my herte caught  
in remembrance  
Your beaute hool, and  
stedfast governaunce,  
Your vertues alle, and  
your hy noblesse,  
That you to serve is set  
at my plesaunce;  
So wel me lykth your  
womanly contenaunce,  
Your fresshe fetures and your comlinesse,  
That, whyl I live, my herte to his maistresse,  
You hath ful chose, in trew persēveraunce,  
Never to chaunge, for no maner distresse.

And sith I you shal do this observaunce  
At my lyf, withouten displeaunce,  
You for to serve with al my besinesse,  
Taketh me, lady, in your obeisaunce,

And have me somewhat in your souvenaunce.  
My woful herte suffreth greet duresse;  
And loke how humbly, with al simplesse,  
My wil I cōforme to your ordenaunce,  
As you best list, my peynes to redresse.

Considring eek how I hange in balaunce  
In your servyse; swich, lo! is my chaunce,  
Hbyding grace, whan that your gentillesse  
Of my gret wo list doon allegeaunce,  
And with your pite me som wyse avaunce,  
In ful rebating of my hevinesse;  
And thinkth, by reson, wommanly noblesse  
Shuld nat desyre for to doon outrance  
Theras she findeth noon unbuxumnesse.

**Lenvoye.**

**A**CTOR of norture, lady of  
pleasaunce,  
Soveraine of beaute, flour of  
wommanhede,  
Take ye non hede unto myn  
ignorance,  
But this receyveth of your goodlihede,  
Thinking that I have caught in remembrance  
Your beaute hool, your stedfast governaunce.

**HEERE BIGYNNETH THE ROMANT OF THE ROSE**



But undoth us the avisoun  
That whylom mette king Cipoun.  
And whoso sayth, or weneth it be  
A jape, or elles a nycetee  
To wene that dremes after falle,  
Let whoso liste a fool me calle,  
For this trowe I, and say for me,  
That dremes signifaunce be  
Of good and harme to many wightes,  
That dremen in her slepe anightes  
ful many thinges covertly,  
That fallen after al openly.

**I** THIN my twenty yere of age,  
Whan that Love taketh his  
corage  
Of yonge folk, I wente sone  
To bedde, as I was wont to done,  
And fast I sleep; and in sleeping,  
Me mette swiche a swevening,  
That lykede me wonders wel;  
But in that sweven is never a del  
That it nis afterward befallē,  
Right as this drem wol telle us alle.  
Now this drem wol I ryme aright,  
To make your hertes gaye and light;  
for Love it prayeth, and also

**MEN SEYN THAT IN SWEVENINGES**  
Ther nis but fables and lesinges;  
But men may somme swevenes seen,  
Which hardly ne false been,  
But afterward ben appaunte.  
This may I drawe to waraunte  
An authour, that hight Macrobes,  
That halt not dremes false ne lees,